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The following beautiful and affecting lines, are taken from a late number of the Christian Advocate and Journal. They were written by Dr. H. W. Bailey, of Baltimore, subsequently to witnessing the consignment to the tomb of the remains of his departed mother. He speaks the language of filial respect and devotion.

MY MOTHER.

We buried her—ay in her own native earth,
Not a murmur nor sigh did we heave;
In view of the handiet that gave her birth,
We laid her unmourn'd by a tear.

The wind it was still, the grass did not move,
All nature seem'd hush'd in that hour—
Spring's own balmy zephyr had breathed on the grove,
Yet the bud still withheld its gay flower.

The once cherished scenes that partook of her youth,
And join'd in the mirth that it shed,
Seem'd sad at beholding the now mournful truth,
That their early companion was dead.

It was silent around, until the harsh cord,
As drawn from the depths of the tomb,
Gave token that earth had received its award,
That dust was consigned to its doom.

God's minister spake, and the valley's dark clod
Lent a sad, solemn thrill to the heart:
In anguish, it answer'd, Of God, Of my God!
Must a child and a parent thus part?

Then burst the swell'd fountains of grief, as they tore
Them deserted and helpless away;
The soul, in its agony, wept as they bore
Them a'ar from her still sacred clay.

There was one who stood by, his heart seem'd unmov'd
And his cheek was unstain'd by a tear;
His memory lingered o'er scenes that he loved,
And his fix'd eye was turn'd on her bier.

He thought of the days affection's pure beam
Shed a magical sweetness around,
When life's happy dawn pass'd on like a dream,
And naught save its pleasures was found.

He thought of the bosom that pillow'd his head
In infancy's helpless repose,
The eye that watch'd o'er him, the bright smile that spread
Its influence around when he rose.

When affliction's hard hand was laid on his brow,
What lighten'd the force of its ill?
'Twas her ready breast, ever bared to the blow,
Ever prompt at the sufferer's call.

And must she depart? The earth, as it fell,
To'd the tale that his mother was there—
Struck deep on his heart the funeral knell,
And he shudder'd—but shed not a tear.

The fields now stand forth, deck'd in gaudy array,
The graves in their livened green;
The south brings its zephyrs, and the spring her sweet May,
All nature in gladness is seen.

The lark, as it mounts with its anthem on high,
And the nightingale, over her tomb,
All, all, now exult, while the bosom's deep sigh
Is still heaved at her freedom from gloom.

O, mourn not her death! Let her towering wing
Sweep on through the regions of heaven!
And join the loud chorr of angels, who sing,
"To THEE the bright promise is given!"

Baltimore, May 4, 1834.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

MILLVILLE FURNACE,
Cumberland County, N. J.

These extensive Iron works are situated on Maurice river, about twenty miles from its mouth, and forty miles distant from Philadelphia. The buildings consist chiefly of a Store, Grist and Stamping mills, carpentic and blacksmith's shops, and between twenty and thirty frame houses, appropriated to the moulders and other employed about the premises. There is also a fine stone dwelling, the residence of the agent, which presents a beautiful appearance with its white walls peering through the Locust and Aspen trees surrounding it.

In point of location, it is admirably adapted for business. Vessels can ascend within a short distance of the works, presenting every facility of navigation. There is constant employment given to nearly an hundred men, in the respective branches of the business. The operations of the Furnace in converting the ore into iron, are of the most interesting nature. In accomplishing which, there are two men termed "Fillers," who put into the tunnel-head, a certain quantity of coal-ore, and oyster-shells, composing a ball-charge every half-hour. The fire and blast operating on this, carries it down through the stack, and the iron separates by the flux from the shells, and drops in particles to the bottom, which increasing, fills a reservoir, from whence it is taken by the moulders. The blast is produced by two large tubs or blowers, inflated by means of a water-wheel, and infused from thence into the twyre or aperture in the stack.

The interior of the stack is shaped in the form of two funnels, verging towards the extremities; the lower part of which forms the hearth, from whence the blast proceeds.

When the reservoir has filled, the bell is rung three times; firstly, to notify that the furnace is nearly full, secondly, that the Filler may come down to assist in clearing away the cinder; and lastly, that the moulders make preparations for the lading. The blast is then shut off and the tymph cleared of the cinder, which has collected during the filling: the moulders in the meantime are putting on their aprons and sprons, saturating them with water to protect them from the effects of the fire. Having cleared the tymph, and paved it with sand, the moulders respectively dip their ladles into the reservoir, and carry out the iron to the flasks or moulds in their rooms, into which they pour it, attended by boys, who skim off the dross on the surface. The fixed air, causes the flasks to make a loud noise at times, similar to the report of a gun. In lading, the extreme heat causes the moulders to perspire profusely, and creates a thirst, which they quench with copious draughts of water, that seemingly has no deleterious effect; this may arise, I conjecture, from the great purity of the water, which is of a cool, and fine flavour.

After the iron has been entirely dipped out, the tymph is closed with clay and coal brand, and the blast is resumed. The moulders then cool their flasks with water, and "shake out" the castings, which are wheeled out by the boys, cleaned and placed in their "warm pens."

There are four companies of the moulders;—four men comprising a company, whose lading takes all the contents of one filling of the reservoir, being usually a ton. The companies have their respective turns, which are particularly observed. Once a week (generally on Sunday) the iron is let out into the pig-bed. This operation proves an interesting spectacle to strangers, a portion of the casting-house being allotted for that purpose, which is moulded in the form of the pig-iron, with a gutter, or in furnace-style—"a sow," which lets the iron (after pelting the tymph) run out into the moulds or pigs.

The Founder and his keeper, regulates the burden of the furnace, and determine the quantity of ore, shells and due proportion of blast.

An extensive canal, brings the water down to the Furnace from the head of Maurice river, which is completely dammed off, and on which is situate the Union Mills. This place embraces an extensive farm, and also a Grist and Sawmill, belonging to Mr. David C. Wood, the proprietor of the Furnace.

The coaling is situated on a large tract of land, including several very valuable cedar-swamps. Eight thousand cords of wood, are annually chopped for the blast, which affords employment for a great number of hands. The ore is brought from Delaware, Schuylkill, and White-hill, in shallops, whence it is dug from the beds, which generally lie in marshes and other low places. Its aspect varies according to the respective places from whence it is brought, being at times a stoney, loamy and of a sandy nature. The stone ore is calcined on kilns previous to being used in the furnace, which causes it to assume a reddish cast, resembling veins of pure iron. Each of the other sorts are worked in their natural state.

It has been frequently remarked, that the castings made at this Furnace, are of a superior quality: the iron is of a fine bluish cast, and of as fine a texture as any manufactured in the United States.

The Stamping mill attached to the Furnace, extracts all the iron from the cinder—yielding it in a globular form, and various other fantastic shapes. The "stamped stuff," is melted down in the forges, producing iron of an excellent description. It is occasionally worked in with the ore in the furnace, with advantage, producing iron quicker.

In the immediate vicinity of the Furnace, lies Millville—a flourishing village, containing in a general point of view, two Hotels, five or six stores and two extensive Glass works, owned by Messrs. Burgin & Pearsall, and Mr. Frederick Schetters, an enterprising foreigner. The one, is devoted to the manufacture of hollow ware, the other to cylinder, or window glass.

Millville, June 26th 1834.

From the New York Mirror.

The following is translated from the "*Bibliotheque choisie de Litterature Etrangeres.*" The original is written in a style of piquancy and sprightliness usual with the French journalists. It exhibits the effect of a sense of disgrace on a delicate and sensitive mind, educated under the principles of that nice notion of honour which considers a blow as an irreparable offence, and not to be atoned for but by blood. The story is told with much cleverness; and the circumstance of making the high opinion of the honour and character of the young man entertained by his mistress, the very cause of his utter despair and final suicide, is well conceived. But the most striking part of the moral, if it may be so called, is the reckless selfishness of the journalist, who, to further his own views, in establishing for himself a character for courage, engages his friend in a scandalous imposition, and is even upon the whole pleased and satisfied that *that* friend had committed suicide (as he might otherwise have betrayed the imposition which had been practised. How much it is like some editors, who, provided they can make up a smart paragraph in their paper, are little solicitous about its truth, or what wound they may inflict upon the feelings of others.

A COWARD.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER ONE.

Two ladies, seated at a table in a saloon of the Rue Larochefoucauld, were surrounded by a number of gentlemen, and engaged in animated conversation. One of the ladies was named Madame de Nerville, the other, her daughter, was named Marie. Marie was naturally pale; she had light hair; large, swimming blue eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, and full, strongly-marked eyelids, indicated one of those elevated, thoughtful souls, which burn and glow in secret. Just then her usual paleness had left her, her eyes dilated and sparkled, and her voice was deep and broken, as though she was much moved.

"How, M. Lascour," said she, "did the man receive a blow?"

"Yes, miss, some time ago, at the Pavilion d'Ermenonville."

"And did not return it?"

"He did not."

"And has not demanded satisfaction of the aggressor?"

"He would be more likely to beg his pardon!"

"And what is the wretch's name, so that, in case I ever meet him, I may show him plainly that I despise him?"

"His name!—it will be difficult to ascertain it; for probably no one witnessed the circumstance but the friend who mentioned it to me, and you would do wrong in despising him—he may be a very fine man."

"What! he, the coward!"

"Coward! coward! that is your great argument. Is it the man's fault? Courage is a matter of nerve; we cannot command resolution any more than we can appetite. Thus Captain Dervicre, with whom you are well acquainted, mentioned to me, the other day, the case of a young man who, having been grossly insulted, on the ground, fainted away three times, when he came to lay hand on his sword. Would you despise this man? Can we control our swooning? He is perhaps of very delicate sentiment, and very pure in soul, only his organs are weak; find fault with his limbs, therefore, not with his feelings.

"Very well," replied Marie, "I say, for my part, that were there is no courage, there is no honour. Let a man be an assassin, a deserter, nay, even a traitor, love can pardon it all; an assassination is but a crime, treason perhaps no more than hatred, and hated and crime may both proceed from a great soul. But a coward! oh, the very name sickens me—and were the man you saw insulted there at my feet, beautiful as an angel, noble as a king, with a revenue of a million, I would not marry him were I but the servant-maid of an inn."

As she was saying this, a young man who was leaning on a *console* at the other end of the room, and had taken no part in the discussion, let an album fall. Marie turned at the noise, and her eyes assumed an indescribably sweet and tender expression, as she rose and approached the young man.

"Savigny, my friend," said she, in a whisper, "come along—why do you remain alone in this distant corner? Do you not approve of what I have said?"

At these words, uttered with captivating grace and submission, Marie's betrothed turned toward her, disclosing mild and noble, but somewhat disturbed features.

"Excuse me, Marie," said he, "I was looking at the sketch of Roqueplan in your album, and did not hear you."

"Ah! I am sorry for it," said she, "you are so pure and noble-minded, you would have been pleased with the sentiments I expressed."

"Marie," said Savigny, in an agitated voice, and showing her the album, "pray look at this head of an old woman—how expressive! how true to nature! It reminds me of my poor grandmother, who loved me so much."

"Ah! my friend," said Marie, "I see a tear standing in your eye—hide it, pray, or I must weep too. My Savigny, how tender hearted you are!"

Meanwhile the discussion was going on at the table at which Madame de Nerville was seated.

"No," said Lascour, "I don't set much value on courage, and yet if I have a son who is like myself, I will tell him, 'Never submit to an insult.'"

"Well, for my part," said Madame de Nerville, "if I had the good fortune to have a son, and he had received what you call an insult, I would beseech him on my knees not to fight.—What difference does it make to me whether my son is a coward or not? What I want is to have him live. I am no Spartan. I will not tell my son, 'Return with your shield, or upon it.' I would say to him, 'Do not go at all.'"

"Neither would I fight Madame," said Lascour, "if I were your son; for if I were your son, I would have twenty thousand a year—if I were your son, I should need no one's good offices—if I were your son, I would have horses, a good table, a thousand pleasures, and I would not be fool enough to risk my happy life against that of a wretch who has nothing else to lose."

"But, sir," rejoined Marie, quickly, "suppose that wretch should offer you an insult?"

"I would under-stand it as a compliment."

"And if he gave you a blow?"

"I would walk off to avoid a second."

"But the dishonor!"

"Which?"

"You love yourself very much then?

"Very much, miss. Besides, why do people fight except from self-love? Bullies fight because they value their reputation—I would not fight because I value my bones. Self-love against self-love—mine is the most reasonable of the two. For after all, where is this honour lodged? You say, his honor has received a fatal blow—yet people live a hundred years after such a mortal wound. But a blow with a cudgel—oh! that I should feel very deeply, and that's the reason why I am not anxious to get a shot with a pistol, inasmuch as that is still more painful.

"But, sir, what would your conscience say?

"My conscience? it would be dumb if I were rich!"

"And then men who would insult, the women who would despise you!"

"But, miss, nobody is despised now-a-days You are a coward—who knows the fact?—two individuals out of a hundred, or ten in a thousand. And do you think that it would prevent those ten individuals from drinking my champagne, accepting my money, and calling me 'my dear friend?' They would abuse me in private, but what is that to me? I would know nothing of it, and even if I should, I repeat, what is that to me? I would rise—I would go and look in the glass—and when I found my complexion clear, my eye bright, my lip ruddy—when I felt in my writing-desk and found some bank notes in it—when I looked around me, and saw splendid hangings and elegant furniture, I would say to myself, 'Upon my word, I did very wisely in retaining all this.' I would soon forget all they could say of me. I would mount my bay, and take my Greek greyhound with me; when I reached the park, all the pretty women I knew would stretch their necks out of their carriages to salute me, and I would be happy, be envied and honoured. And yet, spite of all I have said, if I, Alfred Lascour, was insulted to-morrow, I would fight in a moment."

"How so, sir?"

"Oh, because with me, Lascour, the case is very different! I must be a man of honour; I need it for my support. I am the ostensible editor of a newspaper; I must be brave. Only consider that I am employed to be courageous for all my anonymous coadjutors; I am the shield of their wit, or folly, as the case may be; courage, with me, means champaigne, trifles, and a pheasant *a la royale*, and I am very fond of pheasants and champaigne, therefore I must needs be very courageous. But could I find money any where else than in my pen, I would be willing to be a coward, and to let the whole world know I was one; I would have the word coward engraved on my cards as my title, and I would not be the less liked; and I would wear mustaches, and I would find people who would tell me it was a great pity I was not in the army; and I would make a gallery of the miniatures that the ladies would send me."

"No, sir," answered Marie; "no woman of honour would love such a man. A lover is a protector, as well as a husband. What, suppose I loved a man, took his arm, and went out with him, and he was to let the first puppy that chose insult me, and I must reflect that the man who pretended to love me would yield me up to the first threat made him! If I fall in the water, he will let me drown; if I am in a fire, he will let me burn up; if I fall in the hands of villains, he will let me be dishonoured. A coward, sir, is a man who knows neither love, pity, nor friendship; a coward can never be a husband, a son, or father, for he could not protect his wife, his mother, or his daughter. And can a woman love such a man?—oh, never, never!"

"It is singular," said Madame de Nerville, "Savigny has gone, without saying a word to us."

CHAPTER TWO.

The next day, Savigny was seated at home, in a sad and melancholy mood, when he heard a voice, which he recognised at once, ask the servant if he was within; and in a few moments the door opened, and Lascour was announced. Lascour entered with an ease, which bordered on familiarity; and after Savigny had, with ceremonious politeness, requested him to be seated, began as follows:

"Sir I have had the honour of meeting you at Madame de Nerville's, and I now come to do you a service."

"What, pray?"

"Sir, you are a coward."

"Sir, you shall make me atonement for this insult, and I will prove it to you—"

"Don't get vexed, I entreat you; for you are not angry—only afraid, that's all. But I did not come to insult you; therefore, spare yourself a display of courage, which does not deceive me. I resume then, and tell you, you are a coward."

"Sir!"

"Allow me to finish—"

"No, sir, nor will I suffer—"

"What a man! when I tell you that I did not come—"

"Such an insult, in my own house!"

"Listen to me, do. I am as great a poltroon as you—a greater one—a thousand times greater. Be cool, and let us talk over our business quietly, and like men of sense. I will not repeat that you are a coward, since that word wounds your feelings, but will tell you that you are not a brave man. Neither am I, as I have already given you to understand—and that is what brings me here. You don't understand, I suppose?"

"Not in the least sir."

"I presume so; but have patience a moment. Do you recollect that, a few days since, you were breakfasting at the Pavilion d'Ermenonville, in the Bois de Bologne, and that a man with mustaches—"

At these words, Savigny turned pale, and said in a hoarse voice, covering his face with his hands, "Pray, pray, spare me!"

"Be not alarmed, sir," replied Lascour, with his usual *sang-froid*, "I will not recall to your mind the degrading insult you have received, for I have come as a friend: all that I want you to understand is, that I saw you insulted, and saw you pocket the insult. You cannot conceive the object of my visit yet, I conclude?"

"No, sir."

"I will proceed. You were speaking with Madame de Nerville about marrying her daughter. The young lady is beautiful, has a dowry of half a million, and every thing is nearly arranged. But yesterday, after you went away, I told the family that you were the person insulted in the Pavilion d'Ermenonville; and the young lady declared openly, that she would never marry a dishonoured man. The opportunity is a fine one, the fortune large, and it would be hard to lose it; it is therefore absolutely necessary, for you to have a brilliant affair of honour, which may restore your reputation, but without exposing you to danger—you understand—without exposing you to any danger—and I now arrive at the object of my visit."

Here Lascour paused for a moment. Monsieur Savigny listened, immovable, with his eyes nailed on the ground, as though chiseled with emotion, except that now and then a big tear rolled down his cheek. And Lascour, balancing himself carelessly on his chair, watched his unfortunate patient with an ironical smile. He resumed:

"I too, need an act of courage, which will make a noise, and for this reason:—I am an editor, as you know. To live by that business, we must be *piquant*: to be piquant, we must sink the truth, in a measure; we must use personalities and scandal; but I am afraid of those who will take offence at this. I want a brilliant duel as a shield, sheltered behind which, I can attack all my dim-courageous acquaintance, who, if I had never fought, would come to demand satisfaction from me; and when they know I have been out once, will pretend not to have seen the offensive article. When I saw you receive that insult at the Pavilion d'Ermenonville, it occurred to me, at first to follow you every where, to seize the first opportunity to insult you publicly, and to build up my reputation on your cowardice. But, I know not why, I return you, spite of that insult. I watched your conduct in that unfortunate dispute, and you are a man of honour: you were angry at yourself; you did all that you could to fight, and it was your nature only that refused. I am sure that you have wept many a night when you thought on that outrage! therefore, I at once gave up my plan of insulting you, and have discovered a means which reconciles every thing, which retrieves your reputation, establishes mine, brings about your marriage, and assures my position in society; it is this:"

Monsieur Savigny, who had not spoken for a quarter of an hour, and sat like a criminal, before the inquisition, rallied his trembling limbs, and by a painful effort raised his head abruptly, approached Lascour, and said—

"Sir, I understand and despise you; leave the house!"

Lascour smiled, and answered, in no way disconcerted, "If it was not for my interest, as well as for yours to remain, I would not stay a minute longer, but I have need of you, as well as you of me, and I will do you a service in spite of yourself."

"Sir, said Savigny, with dignity, yet embarrassed, you have heard."

"Listen to me," answered Lascour, "I ask your pardon for mentioning Madame de Nerville's fortunes to you just now. I know that you are above all interested views, but this is what binds you to me; you are in love, passionately in love with Mademoselle de Nerville—have you courage enough to resign her voluntarily?"

"Yes, it is better to resign her, than win her by a trick."

"But reflect that you not only lose her, but remain dishonoured, in her eyes; that she will always see the mark of insult on your cheek, and will never meet you without saying to herself, 'there is a man who has received a blow!'"

"Oh, 'tis the torture of hell!" said Savigny, and the sweat poured off his forehead.

"Say but a word, and that torture is at an end."

"But after all," said the young man in despair, "what do you intend to do?"

"Listen. Go to the opera this evening, place yourself in the front seat in the balcony, on the left; I will come a quarter of an hour after you; in the middle of the piece, I enter, you approach me, asking me by what right I presume to slander you. I answer you rudely, you call me an impertinent scoundrel; I grow angry, you lay hands on me, the spectators rise and surround us, and when a great many people are collected, I call you by name, that all may know it is you, and we make an appointment for the next morning."

"Never, never!" said poor Savigny, panting for breath.

"You do not love Mademoselle de Nerville, then?"

"Not love her! heavens! not love her!" said he, striking his forehead.

"Well, let me go on then. The next day, that is to-morrow, we go on the ground."

"I tell you I will not go," answered Savigny, with fury, "no, I will not go! Do you know that what you propose, would be the eternal torment of my life! What! obtain the greatest blessing of the world; the esteem of my fellow-men, by fraud! Owe the respect I enjoy only to a stratagem, my friends to a trick! to reflect, in the midst of love's purest adornments, that I am stealing them—to see myself looked up to as a man of honour, and to feel that I am the most vile and degraded of created beings. No, sir, no! since I am a coward, I will pass for one, but I will not steal a character for courage; I will not go."

"Very well," said Lascour, coolly, "very well I'll go and tell Mademoselle de Nerville."

"For mercy's sake, do not name that name," cried Savigny. "What shall I do—what agony—ah, you are my evil genius, Lascour. Marie—dishonour—the world—my conscience—my head is wandering—oh heavens! If I have thirty years more to live, take away five-and-twenty, and give me courage!"

"I offer it to you without expense; why do you not except it?"

"Shall I have been the less insulted?"

"I alone saw the insult offered you, I alone make it known; you attack me as having slandered you, and all is blotted out. Listen to me, and let me finish. We go on the ground to-morrow morning; we place ourselves at twenty paces—no, at fifteen, it is more in form. The pistols are loaded: we fire, at the same time, six inches too high, you understand me? six inches too high. After the first fire, the seconds will declare, that the laws of honour are satisfied. But you, for I yield up all the glory to you—you declare that the atonement is not sufficient, otherwise it would look like a duel between two deputies. They load—we fire, without touching either; they load a third time—we miss again; then the seconds interpose forcibly; you yield, at the same time declaring, that if you were in my place, you would not be satisfied. However, we are reconciled, we shake hands, I am a brave man, you are a hero, your reputation is re-established, you marry Mademoselle de Nerville, and I announce it in my paper. What do you say to my plan?"

Savigny did not answer; his hand twisted convulsively in his hair, he seemed devoured by one of those internal conflicts, which exhaust ten years of our life in an hour; his knees shook, and his contracted lips showed his teeth firmly set. He remained in this situation before Lascour, five minutes, who alarmed himself at the sight of this silent, motionless agony, forgot his selfishness, was silent, and almost turned pale. All at once Savigny removed his hand, rose, and said to Lascour, in a hoarse voice, "this evening, at the opera!" and fled into his chamber.

CHAPTER THREE.

At eleven next morning, the following scene was enacted in the Carrieres Montmartre, behind a wall; an open pistol-case lay on the ground, and two men, fifteen paces apart, had their weapons still in their hands. Then one of the seconds, stepping between them, said with a resolute air, "Gentlemen, six shots have been fired; it is enough for your honour, and too much, perhaps, for our conscience; the duel must cease, or I leave the ground." M. Lascour approached Savigny, and requested him to give him his hand.

"I have no right to refuse you, sir," said Savigny, and gave it to him.

"Now, gentlemen," said Lascour, addressing the seconds, "before we part, I will ask you to sign a declaration that M. Savigny and myself have acted like men of honour."

The seconds sat down on a grassy bank, and wrote hastily, in pencil:

"A meeting took place at Montmartre, this morning, between M. Savigny and M. Lascour, principal editor of the———. Three shots were exchanged on each side, and we declare on our honour, that the two combatants proved themselves men of courage.

[Signed]

"*Delaunay, Dercourt, Lenoir, Morval.*"

This document being finished, M. de Launay, one of Lascour's seconds, drew near Savigny, and said—

"Sir, I earnestly desire that our acquaintance, begun under such unpleasant circumstances, will not end here; your honourable and spirited behaviour to-day, ensures you my friendship for ever. If you will vouchsafe me your's in return, I shall be proud of it, as that of one of the most honourable men of my acquaintance."

Savigny, bowed.

"Allow me, gentlemen," said Lascour, approaching, and taking Savigny one side, "allow me to say a single word to one who was, a moment since, my antagonist, and who I trust is now my friend. "Well! what is the matter with you?—you seem quite anxious, and yet our plan has succeeded beyond my hopes. Do you know that I was afraid for a moment, at your first fire. If you had taken aim and shot me!"

Savigny, made an indignant gesture.

"It would have been an original idea, at all events, my dear fellow. Luckily, every thing went off as well as could be. Here is our second's declaration; I will take it to all the papers; it will be printed this evening, known by all parties to-morrow, at the end of a week, we shall have two hundred friends more, and in a month's time, we shall not be able to accept half the invitations, that will pour in upon us at the *Rocher de Cancale*. Meantime, let us go to breakfast. What say you, gentlemen?—suppose we adjourn to the Pavillon d'Ermenonville? but seeing Savigny turn pale at the name, he added, hastily, "but, I am wrong, to Gillet's."

"Gentlemen, excuse me for not joining you," said Savigny, "I feel somewhat unwell." And he got in his cabriolet alone, and drove off rapidly.

"What a strange fellow! how cool!" cried Delaunay, as he went away. "Do you know my dear Lascour, you have had a lucky escape, with such an antagonist."

CHAPTER FOUR.

It is noon. A young girl in her morning-dress, her hair in disorder, and her eyes swollen with weeping, goes incessantly from the door to the window of the saloon; leans as far as she can out of the balcony; stretches her neck out of the window, watching the entrance of the street, with fixed gaze; removes the locks which shade her forehead, to see the clearer, and then throws herself on a seat again, sobbing and concealing her face in her hands.

"He is dead! he is dead! I am sure he is dead!"

"My daughter, my dear daughter, do not give yourself up to despair, in this way."

"And I, who suspected him of cowardice; I, who could think that he had tamely let himself be insulted, when at the same time———"

"He will return, my daughter; he will return."

"Oh, if he returns! I will beg him to forgive me; I will throw myself at his feet; he will forgive me; I will repeat so often and so tenderly that I love him, that he will forgive me. But he will not return' and heaven punishes me, for having dared to suspect the noblest of men. He is dead! I shall never see him again! Savigny, Savigny, oh, heavens!"

All at once, a slight noise was heard in the adjoining room. "'Tis he!" cried the young girl, and hurried to the door. Savigny entered in fact, very pale, and let himself drop on the first seat he could find. "You are not wounded, are you?" cried she. "no no, you are not—oh, what happiness! It is he, mother, look, it is he; how I weep! but these are no painful tears; I would be glad to shed such always. Dear Savigny! how kind heaven has been to us. But pray, speak to me, say one word—one single word; I want hear your voice; say only Marie, and I will understand it. What, still silent? Oh, I know you have heard of what I said, and are displeased with me. Oh, forgive me, my friend; I have been sufficiently punished for it; I have suffered so much. If you were told that your Marie had disgraced herself, you would die with grief, would you not? Well, then, judge of my sufferings, when a man assured me he had seen Savigny put up with an insult; my brave, my pure, my noble-minded Savigny; I ought not to have believed him, and yet he swore to me, that he had seen it; and then it is your fault too, it is an too nice on the point of honour. Why did you reveal to me, all the treasures of your generous and lofty spirit? A drop of water's sees the snow. Ah, forgive me, forgive me! What, you do not answer me; you turn your head aside—this is cruel in you—I entreat you, look on Marie, who is stretching out her hands to you; you will not refuse me, and then, you know I am of the noble family of Nerville; that family in which there never was a coward, and I thought I should have died, when I reflected that he, whom I loved, had been insulted. But how could I believe it—it was a crime in me—an unpardonable crime. Tell me how I must ask your pardon, and I will do so. But look at me—look at your Marie, for if you do, you will not have the heart to be so angry. Oh, what happiness! your hand clasp in mine, your eyes melt with tenderness; I recognize Savigny's features, when he tells me, 'I love you!' Oh, mother, mother, let me kiss him"—and without waiting for her smiling mother's consent, she threw herself in her betrothed's arms; kissed him tenderly, and hid her face in his bosom. M. Savigny embraced her affectionately; kissed her fair locks; let a tear fall on her neck, and said "dear Marie," then he disengaged himself from her arms, and went away, saying, "I shall return."

An hour afterwards, Madame de Nerville received a letter from Savigny, stained with blood. He had just shot himself. Poor Marie.

CHAPTER FIVE.

"Joseph, bring me my chocolate and the papers," said M. Lascour, from his alcove. "Ah, here is the paper. Let me read my own glory. Capital!

"Yesterday, a *rencontre* took place, etc."

"Very well, aha! Savigny's name again! what can that be?

"Yesterday, about two o'clock, M. Savigny blew out his brains at his own residence. The motive of this horrid action, is unknown. M. Savigny, was on the point of connecting himself with one of the first families of the metropolis."

Savigny! I must be dreaming—it is not possible—Savigny—yes, it is he, sure enough; he was on the point of connecting himself—there can be no doubt of it. What a riddle! such courage! This is a very meagre article. Something might have been made out of the close connection between his duel, and his suicide; something fine might have been said about the stern intrepidity of that man, who had risked his life, three times that morning already, and yet dared to put an end to it an hour afterwards, not fearing death after having stood so near it? and this strangely brave man, fought with me; and I with him! It does me credit; I will touch the article up. But what could have been the reason? I cannot imagine. He must have been beside himself. With such a wild head, he might have revealed our secret, if he had not killed himself. Joseph, bring me my chocolate."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

FAREWELL TO HOME.

——"My native land, good-night."—BYRON.

Farewell my home!—the scene I love
Are fading from my view,
And every hill, and every grove
Seem echoing back adieu.
But yet, where'er my lot shall be
My heart shall send a sigh to thee.

Farewell my home!—a burning tear
Has from its pearly fountain strayed,
To tell what most my soul held dear,
And quell the storm which grief had made.
Blest be that tear! for as it fell,
It seemed to say to me, farewell.

Farewell my home!—that tear shall be
A parting token of regret,—
The burnt may dry that flowed for thee,
Yet never will my heart forget.
For all my paradise on earth
Is that sweet land which gave me birth.

Farewell my home!—friends of my youth,
For you shall heave my heart's last sigh—
The pangs of absence hope shall soothe,
And fancy paint my native sky.
No more within thy bowers to dwell—
My own—my father's home—farewell! T. B.

LION HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LEWIS LESLIE, ESQ. 45TH REGIMENT.

Some years ago, it was my fortune to be attached to a party of the Cape Cavalry, encamped on the banks of Orange River in South Africa, for the protection of the boors on the extreme boundary, against a tribe of savages who were then supposed to threaten an invasion on the Colony. That portion of our African territory extending from the Fish River, formerly the north eastern limit to the banks of the Gariep or Orange River, had been but a few years in our possession, and then only a scanty population of Dutchmen was scattered over a space of some hundred miles. The occupation I believe, was not recognized at that time by Government. The character of the scenery was somewhat peculiar; vast plains or flats extended in all directions, bare and sandy, rarely presenting a green blade of verdure to the weary eye; these plains were enriched or intersected by ranges of low table mountains, whose sides and summits were equally divested of all vegetation; and in passing over the country, as you crossed the lower ridge of some of these hills, a prospect of the same monotonous and barren extent was presented to the view. It was seldom we met with a human habitation, and naught enlivened the dreary scene, save the various species of antelope and quagga abounding in these plains, who, frightened at the appearance of man, ran wildly off in every direction. At a distance they might have been sometimes taken for vast herds of sheep, and droves of cattle. If a boor's dwelling happened to be in the neighbourhood, these dwellings were always erected on the banks of some rivulet or spring, where there might be a sufficient supply of water for their flocks, and to irrigate a few limited reods of land to grow vegetables and tobacco for themselves. In the drier seasons, however, these almost pastoral farmers were obliged to forsake their more permanent abodes, and something like the Israelites in the desert, betake themselves to tents, and with their flocks, wander over the sandy waste in search of pasturage for their sheep and cattle. While encamped in these open plains, their cradle or folds were frequently disturbed by the midnight visit of the lion, and their only escape from his attacks was in the discovery of his retreat and his destruction. His usual prey was the quagga or the antelope; but the fleetness of these animals or their instinctive precautions perhaps gave them more security than the feeble defence of a crowded crawl.

It was on one of these occasions that I witnessed the mode in which the boor discovered and rid himself of his troublesome neighbour, as the officer commanding was applied to, and most willingly granted the assistance of a few men, whom we were delighted to accompany. It has been frequently asserted that the lion is not the magnanimous and courageous animal that he was formerly described to be, and I see that Dr. Philip, in his researches, has related facility with which the Bosjesmans (Bushmen), with their poisoned arrows, destroy the Monarch of these Wilds. From a tolerable long acquaintance and experience on the African Frontier, I am inclined positively to deny both of these opinions. I have seen the Lion on several occasions hunted and slain, and heard the relations of many (on which I could place more credit, than on those of the credulous boor, which bear ample testimony of his courage and noble bearing when at bay.—The bushmen I have frequently seen practice with their bows, but I have very little faith in the correctness of their aim or the strength of their poison. The most authentic relations I could obtain of their shooting even the smallest species of the antelope, prove that the poison is not at all immediate in its effect, the wounded animal, with the barbed and poison arrow in his side, will bound along the plain, where he is traced by the Bushman's eagle eye until he staggers and falls when the poison has been absorbed. If such is the case with a weak and timid animal, what would it be with the powerful, bold, and fiery lion? destruction of the daring bushmen who would attempt to meet him. I am well aware that they assert their being able to kill the lion, but am confident it is for the purpose of imposing on the credulous boor to magnify the power of their favourite weapon. In nine months that we were encamped within a mile of a numerous craal of bushmen, they appeared to live almost wholly on roots, locusts and ants, and what they obtained from the neighbouring farmers, or from our station.

Those who have denied the noble daring of the lion, have never seen him in his native desert.—I have heard an individual who was engaged in the hunt, of which Mr. Pringle gives so vivid a description, bear ample testimony of his high and fearless bearing in many a furious encounter. My own experience is in every instance in his favour. He has nothing of the cunning, cowardice or treachery ascribed to the tiger.—In his conduct there appeared no pusillanimity. Before man he retreats with coolness and deliberation. He avoids because he hates, not because he fears him, once confront him, convince him that he is the object of your pursuit, and he retreats no longer. Whatever may be the number of his enemies, he will no longer shun you. He seats himself on some ridge, which he will never leave, and from thence growls unmutable defiance till loss of blood or some well-aimed bullet lays him prostrate on the earth. Often have I seen him roll, when wounded, from the ridge where he was seated, but on his recovery, his sole object appeared to be to regain it, as if it alone was the object of the contest, and he would only yield it with his life.

The method by which the boors pursue the lion, will be shown by describing the last hunt at which I was present. In every instance it was the same; and in three successful, without injury to any individual of the parties. The north-east bank of Orange River, opposite our encampment, was totally uninhabited save by a few wandering Bushmen.

Vast numbers of antelopes and quaggas grazed upon the plains; and in the rugged and bare hills which intersect them, the lion dwelt during the day, and at night descended after considerable intervals in search of food. I have seldom seen him in the plain during the day, save when, in the extreme heat of the summer, he might be found on the wooded banks of the river; but often during the night, when he broucked in the open plain, and the terror of the cattle and horses bore evidence of his approach; at dawn he would be seen winding slowly his way to the loftier summit of some neighbouring mountain. One might hear the thunder of his voice at miles distance, while every animal shook with fear.—A lion of huge dimensions passed the river, which at that season was low, and carried off a horse, the property of a neighboring boor. For some nights previous he had been heard in a hill close to the bank of a river, to which it was supposed he had again retreated on destroying his prey. The boors say that the flesh of the horse is highly prized by the palate of the lion, but perhaps it is because this animal is their own most valuable property. It was proposed to cross the river the following morning, and trace him to his den. With the few boors we could collect, and a party of our men, we mounted immediately after sunrise, and with a large number of dogs, proceeded to the mountain, every crevice and ravine of which we examined without finding him. Gorged with late meal, he had, perhaps, we thought, remained in the thick cover on the steep bank of the river, to which we then returned, and in passing over a large plain, a spot of ground was pointed out to us by an eye witness, where he had been seen to seize and devour a quagga some days before. The hard and arid soil was actually hollowed by the violence of the mortal struggle. The dogs had scarcely entered the thick bushy banks of the river, ere they gave tongue, and they appeared to advance in the pursuit as if the lion was slowly retreating. At times it would seem that he turned and rushed upon the dogs. We however, could not dare to enter farther than the skirts of the jungle with a finger on the trigger and the carbine half at the present. One single clutch of his tremendous paw is questionably would have been fatal.

For a considerable time the dogs remained silent, and we fancied we had irrecoverably lost him. With more and more confidence we examined the thicket, but without success, and were about giving up the pursuit in despair, when a Hottentot and boor observed his footsteps in the sand.

The word was again to horse. The lion's course appeared to be towards the mountain, which he had left. R——, with a party of boors and soldiers, galloped straight up the nearest declivity, while I, with a smaller number, rode round a projecting edge of the hill, into a deep ravine, to which he might have retreated. With my party I had been too late; he had been just brought to bay, as he was commencing his descent on the opposite declivity of the hill, but R——, delayed the attack until we should arrive to witness the encounter; meanwhile the dogs amused him. The ascent by which we could reach the summit was steep and rugged, but our horses were accustomed to such, and with whip and spur we urged them on. Whoever has seen the African lion at bay, would assuredly say the sportsman could never

From the Knickerbocker.

WRITTEN BY THE SONGSTRESS.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

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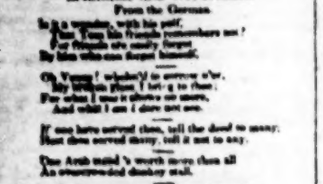
Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Dick Esq. publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 8, 1834.

ASHES.....cwt	4 00	4 75	
Pot.....			
Pearl.....			
BUTTER.....	10	12	
Tub.....			
Firkin No. 1		9	
No. 2		8	
No. 3		7	
COAL.....ton	4 50	5	
Lehigh.....			
Mauch Chunk	4 62	4 875	
COFFEE...Duty...free.			
Java.....	12	13	
St. Domingo	10	11	
Porto Rico	11	12½	
Cuba.....	11	12	
Maracaibo	11	12	
Laguira	11	12	
Jamaica	11	12	
Rio	11	12	
COTTON...Duty...3cts per lb.			
Louisiana	14	15½	
Mobile.....			
Alabama and Ten.	13½	15	
N. C. and Geo.	13½	14	
S. Carolina	13	14½	
FEATHERS			
Pittsburgh, per pound			
Hollies	1 75	2	
do. via canal		1 75	
Wheeling, per pig			
Pottsville, via canal			
Baltimore			
FLAXSEED	1	1 10	
FLOUR & MEAL			
Baltimore, wh. st.	5	5 25	
Penna. bbl	5		
Rye	3 62½	3 75	
Corn meal	3	3 25	
Rolling	5 87½		
Corn meal	2 87½		
GRAIN.....per bush.			
Rye	75	80	
Pennsylv.	81	82	
Virginia	80	82	
S. Southern	80	82	
Wheat, Pennsylv.	1 00	1 05	
Delaware	1 00	1 05	
Md. & Virginia	95	1 00	
Corn, L. C. white	64	65	
do. do. yellow	64	65	
Ohio & L. C. mixed	62	63	
Oats, Pennsylv.	32	37	
Southern	32	37	
Rye, Eastern	75	80	
Barley, Eastern	70	75	
GRASS SEED			
Cloverseed	6	6 25	
Flaxseed	1	1 10	
Timothy	2	2 25	
HAY.....per ton			
Eastern	18	19	
Meadow	18	19	
HOP.....lb.			
Pennsylv.	5	7	
New York	4	5	
HIDES.....lb.			
Buenos Ayres	14	15	
Rio Grande			
Texas			
Calcutta, cow			
Chilo			
Venezuela			
Mexico			
Chilo			
Peruvian			
Laguira			
Buenos Ayres	



Portrays the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

EPIGRAMS AND WITTICISMS.

From the German.

In a woman, with his self,
Is a man, from his friends remembrancer not?
For friends are easily forgot
By him who can forget himself.

Oh, Venus! wishest thy sorrow o'er,
Thy bitterness thou? Let it go to thee;
For when I woo it shows no more,
And what I love I love not now.

If one have served thee, tell the deed to many;
Hast done several good, tell it not to any.

One Arab maid's worth more than all
An oversteeped donkey stall.

Appearance may deceive us—understand,
A false white glove may hide a spotted hand.

Friend, do not crouch in those pews,
And do not trend on those below!
Upon them—who?—worth of those here
Lower down—and then will make them so.

Dr all Job lost, his history tells us plain,
Heaven gave him doubled portions back again
Satan took not his virtue with—'tis true—
What would the patient man have done with two?

ON AN OLD CRAPPER.

1. The sun thy locks which brighten me away,
But that thy younger brother's hair is gray.
2. Be not dispirited, fond girl—in truth,
They laugh not at the age, but at thy youth.
3. I did not laugh—in spite of Celia's rage,
I dared not laugh—I've learn'd to rev'rence age.

You say, among the beaux a rare
Two women hold the sublime place;
And perhaps I might agree with you,
Were they not thieves and murderers too.

ON MADAME'S GRAVE—A CRIPPLE GIRLS.

One than has stretch'd upon this mortal bier,
Yet more than twenty tongues are silenced here.

A mouse Aufbeind cause in his bosom,
And cried "Pray, what are you doing here, mouse?
To the mice, mid mouse, "Sir! I lodge, it is true;
But be not thirsted for my boarding with you."

TO MARY, ON PRESENTING HER WITH A MOVABLE BOOK.

For you I plucked the flow, my dear,
The emblem of yourself,
It blossoms without any care,
But sees the fury off
Who watched its bud and bloom,
Disappointed o'er with dew,
Never loved a ball as well, my dear,
As to who brought it you.

EPIGRAMS.

While different aims in different light appear,
What is the shadow good?—A conscience clear.

Those rolling eyes in their course begins,
Which has been man's never yet?—His fellow man.
Who's rich?—Who works not to increase his store.
Who's poor?—Who having much yet longs for more.
What is the highest gem that decks a wife,
And what her nobler dower?—A spotless life.
What woman's chaste?—Of whom fame fears to lie,
And tongue of scandal never once came nigh.
What marks the wise?—When wronged for suffered
To have the power to hurt, but want the will.
What speaks the fool?—When hate and sneer devour,
To have the will to hurt, but want the power.

CAUSES OF RAIN.

There is a story in Germany, that when monks go abroad it is sure to rain. Franklin says, that he heard a philosopher in Prague gravely attempt to account for the phenomenon, attributing it to the human body, which, escaping through the cowls, hold moisture, and becoming condensed by the colder atmosphere.

A Mrs Gingerbreaker.—Lady Lexborough, in her late tour to Hermione, speaks of a noble lord, who, having maintained that England was bigger than France, had no way to prove it, but to cut each kingdom out of two maps of different scales, and to weigh them.

One of the punishments in the Hindoo hell is the following:—"The condemned person is enlarged to the size of three mountains, and is gilded with a moon in crescent appearance, which has no means of unhelping, but through a mouth no bigger than the eye of the weather needle."

There is an orange tree, still living and vigorous, in the orangery at Versailles, which is well ascertained to be above 400 years old. It was planted by "The Bourbon," having lodged in the celebrated connexion of that name in the beginning of the 16th century, and being conducted to the crown in 1557, at which time it was 191 years old. A crown is placed on the tub in which it is planted, with this inscription,—"Given in 1421."

Knowledge and Ignorance.—The man of knowledge lives eternally after his death, while his ashes are reduced to dirth beneath the sonth. But the ignorant man is dead, even while he walks upon the earth; he is numbered with living men and yet exseeth not.—*Arabian Author.*

The "*Dancing master*" is abroad in the county of Worcester. The following announcement is conspicuously exhibited on the window of a tailor, residing in a populous out place in that county:—"*Dancing taught here, but a penny a week; three as under a penny more.*" and an eye witness declares it to be a fact that the raders, colliers, &c. employed at the works in the neighborhood, weekly resort in numbers to the "establishment" for the initiation in the cutaneery art.

Filial Account of one's Father's Affection.—Though my father was neither young, being 71, nor handsome having lost an eye, one ankle, (or he spoil all he could get to look quite clean, but his trade was tidy, for with out shackles, so he had five children, yet woman of extra a-dam-ptions called for him—Mother, and were much refused poor father for him.—*Hutton's Autobiography.*

An insane female patient, confined in the Marlborough lunatic asylum, which left asunder for her nurse, drew her bed into the middle of the room, and, on finding, descended the curtain pole with the design of hanging herself to death, which she actually accomplished, and it was with difficulty that the building was saved, the flames having become quite formidable before they were discovered.

A candidate for medical honours, having thrown himself almost into a fever, from his incapacity for answering the questions, was asked by one of the professors, "How would you sweat a person for the rheumatism?" He replied, "I would send him here to be examined."—*Boston News.*

The most pure and exquisite pleasure which a man can experience is at the moment when the girl to whom he is loyally affianced, but of whose affections he is doubtful, confesses that she loves him.—*Modes a Pathe garden.*

A Burns.—"Landlord" said Jonathan the other day, stepping up to the bar of a public house, "just give us a dewd's worth of New England, and put it in two tumblers. How I wish I had, I'll pay—I'm the expense, I say, when a fellow is on a bust!"

Difference.—A person whose cardology extends to permanents that of the gentleman who hung a house with an abutment story, and a partition in front, made the following plea to his debtor when sued for a sudden time:—"May it please your honor, I understand the law to be that—suppose I go to the surgeon a dyed a specimen wife and then go to the demanding officer of the company, I consider a immediate wisdom the demanding officer does, or does not put his signification to it,—you can't neglect a fine of one for such extortion."

A Bo Kerrick.—It is mentioned in an English paper that the largest wrought iron vessel ever manufactured in the kingdom of Great Britain, is now being made at Derby. In dimensions it is as follows: Diameter 47 feet, depth 20 feet, 3 inches; weight between 30 and 40 tons. It will contain 218,247 gallons, and 'tisn't time of water.

It is not stated to what use this immense vessel is to be put, but it would make a capital kettle, for tourists, furnishing Chowder, at a Squantum feast.—*Boston Journal.*

A pretty considerable Head-ache.—A pills man of Burdon, who wears a nose like a handful of ripe strawberries, and resides within a hundred miles of Mothark Bath, after having mortified at the shrine of the rosy god, thus described his sensations on the evening morning:—"Talk of a head-ache! my head aches all over from my crown to my chin! every hair of my head aches! (and pulling out half a dozen) I can feel them ache while I hold them in my hand."

Dandyism the Sin of our first Parents.—The Rev. representative of Salford, stated in the House of Commons on Tuesday, that "he firmly believed that dandyism was the crime that occasioned the fall of the first man." The honourable member afterwards moved the House, that for twenty hour years he had drunk nothing *but water!* Does he expect that such self denial will exempt the first member from Salford from the fate of the first man?

Pun.—How many hundred times in this clumsy Latin word, PER, used, instead of the plain, simple English, "a" or "an?" We were looking over the pupils exercises of our school arithmetics, the other day, and found no less than seven or eight of them to a page, for a long distance. There was per day, per week, per month, per year, per lb, per quarter, per cent, per ton, per yard, per mile, &c., yet we were thoroughly tired of it. Why not say *a* day, *a* week, *a* ton, &c.? A month sounds every per-son. If the schoolmaster, or examiner, should put 520 pounds, the better day, of Sugar per *a* page, upon an average, each tutor who takes a book, has to pay for 640 weeks boards, for filling the paper on which it is printed; which, though not little in a single book, would be, probably, 10,000 foot paper in printing 100,000 copies, equal to 120 cords of the work, or 60 dollars.

From the Boston Morning Post.

What is love? A story, every thing
Of all passions known—all joyous delight perhaps
Of all human hearts—all broken hearts they get,
And then are chopped from home in India packets.
The dither whispers to the captain's ear,
"Mighty pretty lady this morning, sir!" "Young woman!"
"And when the captain's on deck, pipes ship's one,
Pd pay for all gratuitous disasters."

Daughters of Eve! the fairest and the best
Of loving things, fall not in love—because it's
The reason why you are now so full of sweetness.
And prostrate on bare heads pass up in transits
In greater—in romance and then you steal
Away at eve to perpetrate sweet sonnets.
If clouds arise, you hand them out, eh sir—
Till 'tis too late, then follow—chilled bronchets.

Byron and I you'll say, are very strong
To cry the how-ley down, for all the pain
Their set their gone quite, and then allow too,
In passing idle and heaven knows why, to allow it's
All fair do ral for folks to try to teach us
The lovers ain't sensual, reasonable creatures.

Think as you list, but when you've cured proof,
That to have not had the *Fellow* wife of very,
Bring a wager that I can cry—all show!
And Tom Moore might not write such stuff—in, might he?

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

As the frigate South Carolina, commanded by Com. Gillon, was cruising between the Bahama Islands and the Florida Keys, it happened one night, (Lieut. John Maynard being officer of the deck,) that he was ordered to keep a good look out and the leading ship; and a Midshipman with a night glass was placed at each quarter. About two hours before day, the one stationed on the starboard, announced that he perceived a rock; upon a nearer inspection, it proved to be a fleet, and on drawing still nearer, a Jamaica fleet. About 4 A. M. the frigate was close aboard four of them, and another step was to be seen at about five miles windward; to secure the whole prize was now the object of the Commodore, but one, which there was no possibility of attaining without having recourse to artifice; and, after a hasty consultation with his officers, the following line of conduct was determined on:—In the first place, the frigate, having British colors flying, hailed the four ships nearest to her, ordering them to heave to, and proposing to send a boat aboard of them. Lieutenant Maynard, was then ordered to take a barge, and with twenty four chosen men and about four or five marines, (himself, as well as the marines) be rigged in British uniform, to make for the farthest vessel, hail her, and when a-reed under her stern, and round up upon her quarter, in answer to the Captain's inquiry, as to what boat that was, to tell that it was the barge of the Hector, commanded by Captain M'Bridge; the Captain ordered him to keep off, threatening to fire into him. Lieutenant Maynard, in return, commanded him to heave a rope immediately, and asking if he would dare to fire on His Majesty's boat, ordered his men to pull along side: on hearing this, the British ship, without further dispute hove a rope, and manned her sides; upon being the ceremony usually observed in receiving an officer. Lieutenant Maynard immediately stepp on board, having previously ordered his men not to follow, but on receiving a concerted signal; the Captain received him with great politeness, and the usual inquiries having been made and answered, Lieutenant Maynard desired to see his papers, in order, he said, to report to the Commodore, the number of prizes. No sooner had the captain gone below, in the search of them, than Lieutenant Maynard's men, receiving the expected signal, stepp on board to the number of twenty, all armed with cutlasses, and having pistols concealed under their jackets. The captain having returned, Lieut. Maynard, after examining the papers, inquired how many men he had on board? On being informed that there were forty, ordered him to take his papers and twenty men, and to go with them on board of the frigate; he replied, "why, surely Sir, you do not mean to impress my men at sea." Lieut. M. replied, "certainly not, but Captain M'Bride being a very particular man, wishes to examine the men and papers himself. The Captain still hesitated, upon which Lieut. Maynard reiterating his order, made a sign to his men to draw their sabres, on perceiving which, the Captain, not choosing to risk a contest, obeyed Lieut. M., ordered his men off, which he would undertake to carry the ship down to the frigate. As soon as the Captain was fairly off, Lieut. M. ordering the remainder of the crew to be, reversed the British colors. At which sight, the consternation of the Captain, who, from the barge, was a spectator of what had passed, may be better conceived than expressed; he declared to be so disabled, that he might be taken, the dispatch was discovered too late, and he found himself obliged to go on board of the frigate; by this means, Commodore Gillon was enabled to capture the whole fleet, consisting of five Jamaica men, heavily laden with sugar and rum.

Absurdity of Tallyrand.—The London Court Journal lately been amusing its readers by some piquant passages in the life of the great, dissolute the Vicar of Bray of so many dynasties,—the unhamed participator in so many revolutions. We shall not transcribe them entire; for the points are too often obscured by the unhonied tender; by the Friends plumes in which they are entwined. We confine ourselves to the close of the article, in which he believing has made of the unfortunate Minister are recorded.

On one occasion, the prince was greatly blamed for having been among the few to desert the cause of Napoleon. "Hah exclaimed Tall yrand," the fact is simply that we were rather too late; for early lady she did for same thing just two weeks before."

"Some very important discussion must have taken place to-day in the cabinet council," observed a friend to Tallyrand, "for the sitting was all full five hours. What can have passed?" "Five hours," said Tallyrand.—An emigrant once spoke to the prince in terms of contemptuous terms of the Bourbons, followed by asserting, that the regime of the restoration could alone eliminate effectually to the wants of the country. "Very true," said Tallyrand, "under the empire we proceeded slowly, in truly accurred wonders; while under us we work miracles."

A courtier, all cringing bows, and scrapes, and "many excuses" once asked Tallyrand, if he dined with—"Your Excellency has deigned to promise on your protection; accordingly I take the liberty of requesting your Excellency that such a place is vacant," designating a particular office. "Vacant" exclaimed Tallyrand, with an emphasis on the word, which he knew to be a great friend, you have put to better that when a place is vacant, it is already given away."

When the second intimation took place, a certain pompous personage applied to Tallyrand for a diplomatic post. "What may be your name?" demanded Tallyrand. "Your Excellency," said the applicant, with much importance, "must know that I have been at Vienna, at Berlin, at Madrid, I am certain at the first!" "Quite positive," replied the cynical Tallyrand, with an emphasis on the word, which he knew to be a great friend, you have put to better that when a place is vacant, it is already given away."

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During the last illness of Louis XVIII Tallyrand, awaiting of certain proposed Government measures, observed, "His Majesty must now open his eyes or close them for ever."

Under the Villele administration, M. Ferrand was in the habit of appearing in the chamber of Peers, supported by a couple of lacquays. "There goes an ex post facto creation of the Gotz mount," cried Tallyrand, "carried like a child, and leaving itself walking."

When Polignac was placed at the head of the administration, he was reported to have said, that under his auspices and those of his colleagues, France would be saved. "Why not?" said Tallyrand, "a flock of geese saved the Capitol."

One day at the Tuileries, where Tallyrand was in attendance as Grand Chamberlain, he remained for a considerable time in silent contemplation of the Minister of Bad-s, who was remarkable for a spare habit of body. At length he broke silence. "He Ka-rellemy," observed Tallyrand, "always praises the good goodly. I never can tell, to a certainty, whether he walks on thin legs, or wears thin or ma-rigs."

DISAPPOINTMENT OR THE BILLET-DOUX

Rat a tat, tat a tat, tat, Lucy, tat!
What can that stupid jot be at?
Why is the kitchen easy to chat?
Hark! hark! again! the postman's rat!
O, run! good Lucy, run!

Here's a pack letter, mum, for you!
Post paid, dear box! why how you blush!
Cock'd hat—like folded—fashion new!—
The seal too shows, that fat and cow—
Well! hush! good Lucy, hush!

From Cornaro Sketch, of the Hero,
No doubt—as every fold from box swears,
Then—the ming touch—he must be wooer—
"Sophy, my darling, what's the news?"
No thing, mum, here my heart's broke!

I tremble—gentle was mother—
Goddess of mercy! support me sir!
"Tis epistle—pa's not hard to close!
Dear youth, I know he would pop—
What do I see?—*Miss Pizzoff's bill!*

Wo is for thee my heart so low!
(With grief and rage I shall expire,)
Instead of Love's own whispers sweet,
A million's account to meet,
That heels no *home except the bee*

Sonnet-like! that *tradesmen* should wine
On *tinted* paper, sealed with down,
Now they may keep to "black and white,"
If these vile bills they *must* indite,
And leave the sonnets to the swine!

INTELLIGENCE IN CARD PLAYING.—The alleged origin of the invention of cards produced one of the shrewdest replies I have ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish bar.—The doctor's testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point of issue. On a cross-interrogation, he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. "And do you seriously say, doctor," said the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?" "I am no card-player," resumed the doctor, with great address, "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." The consequence of this reply was decisive.—*The Wheel.*

SKIRMISHING

Sometimes a stroke of satire is more forcibly conveyed in a couple of sessions, or a single line, than in an essay or a dissertation; and the light mode of warfare against the vices or the follies of the age, is much safer than to storm them in regular form. A man's reputation for orthodoxy is deemed forever, if he declaims gravely against any unpopular source of corruption.

But a sagacious man and manners are in a manner privileged. They are the sharp shooters of the army of reform, who may venture up even before the enemy's ranks and discharge their pieces with impunity; saved by their insignificance. The severity of the touch is estimed for their wit, and we cannot decently scold when the laugh is raised against us.

Lawyers have had their share of this literary sharp shooting, though among by a respectable body, and though individuals of the profession have by their virtues redeemed its character from utter degradation, yet proverbs and cpig ams multiply against them without end.—Here are two epigrams as a specimen. The one I believe of Scottish origin, the other of American origin.

Epitaph on a Lawyer.

Here lies an honest lawyer man,
The Lord works wonders now and then.

The other is an epitaph on a Mr. Strange, who it would appear was also a sort of blackswan among his brethren.

Here lies an honest lawyer,
That is strange.

The medical profession has not entirely escaped.—Every one recollects the story of Sangrado the Steam Doctor, and the Tailor. The doctor was attending a friend of one (he had) at sent to his long home, was met by his Tailor carrying home a pair of pantaloons. Well doctor you are carrying your work home, and so am I.

The lamentations of the tailor too, is well known. Returning some what melancholy from the house of a customer who had obliged him to take back a coat that would not fit; he met a physician following the funeral of one of his patients Alas, doctor! said he of the goose and shears, you are a happy man, you never have any of your bad work returned upon your hands. The merchants too have now and then enjoyed a sly cut. Richard Pinsdoes returned from the Bank with his note protested, and meeting a black gown member of the church, exclaimed—Ah! reverend sir, what would I give to be able to do business like you. There is no Notary Public to protest the notes you draw on the Treasury of Heaven.

The politicians also enjoy their share. Early on the ever memorable morning of the 1st February, 1833, Little Jenny Hamilton visited the wharves in Charleston and saw the Big Hermes from Matanzas containing the hogsheads of sugar he had ordered to Charleston to test nullification, taken possession of by the United States Sloop of War, the Natchez, and ordered to be moored under the guns of Castle Pinckney. He was met by a host of Nullies who gave him joy on the morning of nullification. I think you my honour but I think there is no joy in having my Sugar taken from me.

At the circus in Charleston, on the evening of 1st February, 1833, the nullies were raising Hosannas to nullification; Little Jenny Hamilton was met by the editor of the Mercury. Quoth he—what is the great rejoicing about, Jenny? Quoth Jenny, I do because my Sugar is taken, and I will put off nullification a month longer.

COFFEE.

There are few more important articles in Commerce than Coffee. The immense quantities which are annually imported into Europe from the East and West Indies and the Brazils, are almost incalculable. The consumption of this berry is now great in this country—but inconsiderable when compared to the quantities used in the south of Europe.

Coffee is a native of the east—and the first fresh seeds which were brought to Europe were planted by a gentleman of Dijon in France, in the year 1720. The shrubs bore fruit, but the berry was flat and insipid—and as there appeared no prospect of advantage from its cultivation, it was neglected. Afterwards a large grammer of Amsterdam sent a flourishing shrub to Louis XIV. in 1714, which was the original stock from whence spring all the coffee shrubs on the plantations in the West Indies.

In the year 1720, M. de Clieux, an officer in the army, who owned a plantation in Martinico, formed a project of settling in that island, and attempting the cultivation of the Coffee shrub, in hopefully obtained a with some difficulty, a young plant from the King's Gardens—which he regarded as a valuable treasure, and embarked in a ship for Martinico. The vessel had a long passage, and the whole crew were put on a short allowance of water—but M. Clieux was very careful of his little Coffee plant, and divided with it daily, the scanty portion of water he had left for himself.

When M. Clieux arrived at Martinico, his first care was to plant his Coffee shrub in the most favorable spot in his garden. He watched it carefully—indeed it was the principal source of all his pleasures and hopes. The first crop produced about two pounds of berries, which he divided with those of the neighboring planters, that they might be more likely to attend to the cultivation of the shrub.

After the second picking, they were enabled to extend the cultivation of Coffee to an almost indefinite extent. At the time, a severe hurricane took place, and destroyed all the cocoa trees on many of the plantations. The coffee tree was substituted in their place, and in a few years became a great revenue to France, and of wealth to the planters.

The inhabitants of Martinico owned their gratitude to M. Clieux for the service he had rendered them by introducing the Coffee tree into the Island, by annually subscribing and raising the sum of 20,000 livres, or $3,000, which they paid him every year till his death, which happened many yea s afterwards.

Coffee was introduced into Hispanola in the year 1726. The inhabitants of the Island erected in 1774 a statue to the memory of M. Clieux, as being the father of Coffee plantations.

POLAND UNDER RUSSIA.—The following passage from a work entitled "Poland under the dominion of Russia" written by a German in the Russo-Polish service at Warsaw, and lately reprinted here with notes and an elusory matter by J. S. Sayamann, will give the reader some idea of the cruel manner in which the Poles revolted. It seems be added that the interesting work above mentioned contains many other scarcely less atrocious examples of the barbarity of the monster, in whose hands the absolute power was left in defiance of the most solemn stipulations on the part of the Russian Government.

"Not a single day passes, but the officers of the Russian life guards are subjected to the most rigorous discipline, and are requested to execute on horseback, all the manœuvres on a theatrical equestrian.

One day, an officer of the lancer guard was going through his exercise before the Grand Duke. He had performed all the usual evolutions in the most admirable way, and at last galloping he was ordered to turn—his horse refused—irritated and relaxed to obey either bridle or spur.

The command was repeated in a thundering voice and the officer renewed his efforts to make the horse obey it, but without effect, for the lazy animal continued to pastur about in defiance of his rider, who was nevertheless an excellent horse man.

The rage of the Grand Duke had vented itself in furious imprecations, and all present trembled for the consequences. Halt, he exclaimed, and ordered a pyramid of twelve muskets with fixed bayonets, to be erected. The order was instantly obeyed.

The officer, who had by this time subdued the resistance of his horse, was ordered to map the pyramid—and the spirited horse bore his rider safely over it.

Without an interval of delay, the officer was commanded to repeat the lawful leap, and to the amazement of all present, the noble horse and his brave rider passed in safety on the other side of the pyramid.

The Grand Duke, astonished at finding himself thus thwarted in his barbarious purpose, repeated the order for a third time. A general, who happened to be present, now stepped forward and interceded for the pardon of the officer; observing that the horse was exhausted, and that the end-to-end of the order would be to cause both horse and rider to a horrible death.

This humane remonstrance was not only disregarded, but was passed off in the usual rate arrest of the general who had thus presumed to relal.

The word of command was given, and horse and rider for the third time cleared the glittering bayonets.

Boundless fortune, my dear, received disappointment, when the Grand Duke exclaimed for the fourth time: "To the left about". Forwa d!—The command was obeyed, and the fourth time the horse leaped the pyramid, and then with his rider, dropped down exhausted.

The officer extricated himself from the saddle, and was unhurt, but the horse had both his fore legs broken.

The countenance of the officer was deadly pale, his eyes seem ed to sliff, and his knees shook under him.

A deadly silence prevailed as he advanced to the Grand Duke, and laying his sword at his Highness's feet, he thanked him in a faltering voice, for the honour he conferred on the Emperor's service.

"I take back your sword," said the Grand Duke, "and are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this unlawful conduct towards me.

The officer was sent to the guard house. He subsequently disappeared, and no trace of him could be discovered.

This scene took place at St. Petersburg, and the facts are proved by the evidence of creditable eye witnesses."

*An anecdote within our knowledge will exemplify this.—Constantine one day on parade, for some trifling fancy, ordered a cavalry officer to advance to full charge upon the spot where he himself was standing.—The officer obeyed, and getting space to his horse, galloped full up to the Grand Duke, and drew up his horse, only a yard from his person. Why do you stop without my orders, thunder roared the Duke? I arrest you for disobedience; away with him to the guard house! A week's impris onment was the man's reward for having refrained from trampling this royale under his horse's hoofs.

A Satyr.—An English week-jobber, known for his unexampled parsimony, although possessed of an immense fortune, one day met a very poor man, one of his early relations. "Come hither, George," said the miser, "do you know I have just now made my will, and remembered you handsomely my boy?" "God bless your honor," said the grateful man, "you will be rewarded for so charitable an action, for you could not have thought of a more really distressed family." "Are you indeed so very poor, George?" "Sir, my family is starving!" said the man, almost crying. "Hark ye, then, George, if you will allow me a good discount, I will pay your legacy immediately." We need not add, that the terms were accepted, and that they parted equally pleased with the bargain they had concluded.

Rural Economist.

FARMER'S WORK.

Preservation of new made Hay.—It has been recommended by some agricultists, in burning new made clover hay, especially if it happens to be the early day, to mix layers of the hay, while depositing it in the snow, with layers of straw reserved for that purpose. In this way, the strength of the clover is absorbed by the straw, which cattle will eat greedily, when thus managed. Another way to preserve clover, or indeed any other kind of grass, is to salt it, when stowed away in the mow. From four to eight qts is to the ton is custom needed, to be scattered, layer after layer, as evenly as possible, so as to impregnate the whole mass.

Saving S eds.—Gather seeds of all sorts which you intend to sell or to sow from the finest, fairest and most fruitful specimens of the plants whose seeds grow. It is a fact of much importance to be known and practiced on by every cultivator, that varieties as well as animals may be improved by propagating from the best individuals. Some have found their account in culling their seed wheat from fine places before harvesting the general crop.

Manure from Swine.—It is a good plan to keep even your hogs at work lazy, as they are; they will establish a manure manufactory, if you will furnish the stock and fixtures, and charge nothing for their labor or time. The raw material may consist of snakes from swamps, weeds from fields and gardens, turf, scrapings of ditches and other refuse matter, which you had better make over to your swine, and cart to their pens, than keep on hand.

Fallen Fruit.—It will be convenient with the best rules of rural economy for every farmer, gardener and orchardist to gather all his fallen and decaying fruit, as well as such as being a ripe chick should be picked in part, in order to make room for the remainder. These you will feed with a little Indian meal, rate, refuse rice, or other farinaceous substance. The fruit will be the more valuable as diet for hogs for having been boiled, and the worms (curculiones) which it generally contains when fallen or decayed, are thus to be destroyed.

Pastures and Cattle.—Plaster or live ashes, sown upon pasture grounds, will not only repay a handsome profit by increasing the value of feed by bringing in the finer grasses, such as white clover, &c. but will greatly improve the feed for any succeeding crop. It will not be correct humanity, when you have turned your cattle to graze to overfeed neighbor's clover. It will be well to see every animal every day; and take care to keep salt always within their reach. We apprehend that farmers often suffer by their negligence in this particular. Good water a likewise a great accommodation in pastures. "Water," says a writer for the American Farmer, "must always be within the reach of all animals at all times, and that of the purest quality. Some farmers, having no running waters in their pastures, give their cattle water twice or thrice a day by driving them to a spring or pump, or stream. They may want water at these times, and may not just as it happens, but they certainly do not get it at all times when they do want it. Of this we can judge by ourselves. Who could possibly do with water only at certain times, and those times always the same? With the human species this would be insupportable. It is the same with all animals, and the whole benefit of water depends upon its being taken when the stomach calls for it. Water, of all substances, is the most adapted to the support and nutrition of animal life and health, is least capable of being regulated in its administration by times and seasons. Animals that have free access to salt require water oftener than those which have no salt; but those that are suited irregularly require constant access to water more than any others, as their thirst is fitful in proportion to the urgency of the relishing.

"Let those who are been careless in this matter try the experiment of giving salt, regularly and plentifully, every other day, with constant access to pure water, and the improved condition of their stock in one month, will induce them not to be careless any more after. They will never again see their cattle licking one another, and filling their stomachs with 'witch balls.'"

Some writers, however, deny the necessity of water in pastures for some sorts of stock. Dr. Deane observed that "sheep, calves and horses, unless they are worked, have no need to drink, or have a little given. The want of water induces them to feed in the night, when the dew is on, and the grass the more nutricious. Cows, however, want pure water." This want of coincidence in opinion among the sages of agricultural deserves consideration, and it were well if the matter were decided by the test of experiment.

We have been informed, that a sprinkling of salt with unleached ashes, in the proportion of one quart of fine salt to one half bushel of ashes, and placed where cattle and sheep can have access to it, was recommended by a practical farmer; but it is some years since we had to give line upon line.

Hay-Making.—Make as much of your hay as is practicable in the early part of the season, as there is at that time a greater probability of your being favored with fair weather. The Farmer's Guide asserts that "it has been found by actual observation, for a number of years, that on an average more rain falls in summer after the 20th of July, than before. It is "grass," says Mr. Goodsell, in his Farmer's Guide, "after it is mown in wet weather is not materially injured, although it does not dry for some days, provided it is often turned over to prevent its turning white. The loss of nutritive matter does not occur, and to its change of color. Timothy (herds grass) cut late, or after the seed has ripened, will not dry so fast both in green as when cut in flower, and yet contains more nutritive matter, and is preferred by most kinds of stock."

How to preserve Peas against Drouth.—In an article written by the conductor of London's Magazine, entitled *Notes on Gardening*, &c. we find the following passage. "We were struck with the great breadth devoted to late peas, when looked on to be absolutely well that, considering the extraordinary dryness of the season, we could not help asking Mr. Odiarte, (the gardener) if he has any particular method of watering them? His answer was, that he never watered them at all after they were above ground. He sowed them in the bottom of deep six inches deep, filled the drill full of soil, and then gave them such a thorough soaking of water as to saturate all the soil under and about the seed. After this he fills in the remainder of the earth; and the whole compartments being now dry in appearance, he rolls it quite smooth with a heavy roller, and gives no other culture of any kind till the peas are fit to attack."—*N. E. Farmer.*

SKINLESS OATS

At a late meeting of the Warwickshire Agricultural Society, a specimen of the *Incerteria farina*, or skinless oat, was produced by the Rev. Mr. Knott, which had been plucked that morning out of a piece of ground before the Society's meeting at Leamington. It was produced from seed furnished to him by Mr. Tucker, of Heanton Punchardon, near Barnstaple, Devonshire. According to the account furnished by that gentleman, it was grown in the season of 1830, for the first time it was ever produced in Great Britain, by Thomas Dyeson, Esq. of Chelston Hall, who received the seed from a friend who was in Rotterdam, whither it was imported from Shantung, a remote district in China, and was quite unknown to Europeans till within these three years. The advantages which this extraordinary and valuable grain possesses over all other kinds of oats are numerous. When threshed from the sheaf it is exactly like corn, and is fit for immediate use for ordinary purposes and every other sort which oatmeal is consumed for, the grain being quite free from every particle of husk and husk. The flavor is delicious, and it contains much more farinaceous matter. There is of course considerable saving of oats, and the expense of kiln drying, &c. and one peck contains more nutritious food for a horse, than three pecks of common oats. The product is most astonishing, the average being twenty-a bushels, of fourteen stone, to the Irish acre, the exact quantity grown by Mr. Dearry on one acre. It was not sown till the 6th of May, 1831, and was reaped early in August in the same year. It is remarkably hardy, and will adapted to this climate.—*London Periodical.*

BRIMSTONE FOR CATTLE.

Dr. Bartlett.—It is probably not known to many of our farmers, that Brimstone is valuable for cattle in keeping them freed from ticks. These vermin are not only filthy in their appearance, but an injury to cattle. A piece of Brimstone as large as a grain of corn, well pulverized, given in a little salt, will cause them to drop off, and prevent others from getting on for eight or ten days. I consider Brimstone as necessary for a cow in the summer as salt.

Ash e s.—A correspondent informs us, that from his own experience and the opinions of the best farmers, he is satisfied that a bushel of good ashes is worth a bushel of corn, to put on corn, flax, grass or a garden; and he is surprised that any person should continue the practice of selling a hes for potash, at the trifling price of 8 or 10 cents a bushel.—*Hum Gaz.*

Bees.—A correspondent of ours has made the following amusing calculation, as to the distance a bee must fly to obtain a pound of honey. He takes as a basis of calculation that five thousand bees weigh a pound; and that each bee will carry one fourth of its own weight, which would give twenty thousand journeys. Allowing each journey two and a half miles, we have in the aggregate fifty thousand miles, which those industrious insects fly over to obtain one pound of honey.—*Gerrard Ter.*

RUMOR FOR BEES.—A correspondent of the Birmingham Gazette says—"Permit me to communicate a fact exemplifying the efficacy of the sound arising from a collection of cotton wool in cases of burns and scalds. One of my men had the misfortune, while engaged over a hot fire, to fall on a heated cylinder, by which the skin of the fleshy part of one of his arms was entirely destroyed, and presented the appearance of a severe wound. In the course of half an hour from the time of the accident he bound cotton wool lightly round the arm, and the pain, which was racking, ceased, and he felt no further inconvenience for several hours after, at the expiration of that time we entirely cured. Nine days elapsed before the cotton wool was removed, when an entire cure presented itself."

To Extract Grease.—Spirits of wine and hartshorn, mixed together, will restore the colors to silk that is faded in spots. The spirits of wine will take out the grease.

Another.—Scrape a little French chalk on grease spots, or any colored silk, and after a few hours they will evidently disappear.

$2 Reward.

STRAYED away on Wednesday, the 23d ult. a yoke Cow, with red ears, and marked with red about her sides, with a piece of her hind leg off. The above reward will be paid, and the thanks of the owner, by JOHN PASCAL.
19th and Carpenter sts. Moyamensing.

A Card.

G. COOPER & Co. MERCHANT TAILORS, opposite the Exchange, No. 30 South Third street, having just commenced business on the above stand, which is a very public pathway, and premises to serve their customers as low as any a fine establishment in the city, particularly for cash.

U. S. Clothing, consisting of cassimeres and satinetts, as well as a very business, would say that for the accommodation of country merchants and others, that we will take orders and warrant the clothes to fit, if the measure be taken as under, and a draft at sight endorsed, viz—The height, width of breast and length and breth of arm in the upper joint of the little finger.—R. G. C. having has several years experience in one of the first establishments in this city, as well as in London, flattered that he is qualified to make any kind of garment made by tailors, and hopes by proper attention to the orders of the patrons of the establishment, to give general satisfaction.—Superior cloths, cassimeres and vestings of the most fashionable descriptions, will be kept always on hand. Also, a choice assortment of stocks, cotton, crepts, handkerchiefs, suspenders, gloves, &c. &c.

N. B.—Children's and youth's clothing of every description, will be made to order. aug 2—3m

Cholera Syrup.

THE Cholera Pill for the prevention and cure of Cholera and Bowel Complaints, is prepared and sold by Dr. Bartlett, Chemist, Philadelphia. It is remarkably pleasant to the taste, and is warranted a perfect cure for Cholera and all species of bowel complaints. The directions are to a small, and is an invaluable remedy for bowel complaints in children, as may be given with perfect safety. To accommodate the poorer class, it is sold at No. 6 North Fifth street, at 25 cents. The price of the medicine will be refunded, if satisfaction is not afforded. aug 2—3m*

Executors Sale of Real Estate.

IN pursuance of the last Will and Testament of JOSHUA WATTERTHWAIT, deceased, will be sold at Public Vendue, on Monday, the 24th day of the Eighth month (Aug.) next, on the premises, two valuable farms, situate in the township of Chesterfield, county of Burlington, on the road leading from Crosswicks to Black Town, about 3 miles from Bordentown, containing about 212 acres, a good proportion of which is meadow, a considerable quantity of wood and, and the remainder a side land, in a good state of cultivation. The improvements are a large two story dwelling house, kitchen and shed, with a well at convenient, a large barn, hay house, wagon-house, smoke house, chicken house, two corn cribs as well as potato cellar, and a variety of other fruit trees—the situation is pleasant and healthy.

No. 2 Farm is contiguous about 112 acres adjoining lands of Thomas Lee and Isaac Crosswicks creek, and adjoining No. 1, about 40 acres of which is heavy timbered woodland, a good proportion of meadow, the remainder arable land of a good quality. The improvements are a two story dwelling house, about new, a barn, wagon-house, and other out houses, a well of water, and a variety of fruit trees. The situation is pleasant, it lying on the same road with No. 1. A further description is deemed unnecessary, as it is presumed persons will not purchase without viewing the property, which will be shown by either of the Subscribers, to whom application may be made.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, when conditions of sale will be made known and attendance given by

JUDITH A. WATTERTHWAIT,
JACOB BATTERTHWAIT,
Executors.

aug 9—3t*

For Sale.

A FINE FARM, 90 acres, for $30—situated on Sideling hill Creek, Green Ridge Washington county, Maryland. The improvements are a good dwelling house, with a spring at it for hay, two sheds for sheep and grain, hog pens and potato house, a good orchard of ap